IN NUMBER 65.

A Commercial Missionary's Experience in a Strictly First-Class Hotel.

With all the other commercial tramps I have always taken two and two fifty per day rooms in the hotels in the various towns and cities on my route. Arriving at Richmond the other day, and being a little over in expense account I determined upon the pleasure of experiencing the best room in the house for a change.

"Show the gentleman to 65, Sam," (which was first floor front at $5 per day).

"This way, boss," said the sudden smiling Sam, and I was shown into a really comfortable, cheerful-looking apartment. Now I had only carelessly thought of the extra expense as amounting to $2.50 per day, but alas, I was mistaken.

When I had not been too proud to occupy rooms at half the price I was now paying I had also been content to pay the porters and bell-boys a few dimes now and then and I occasionally invested in a bottle of claret or sherry at moderate prices, and in taking my first floor room at first I never thought of such a thing as consistency, but when the aforesaid mentioned Sam had, bowing and scraping and smiling, shown me into 65, "The best room in the house, sure, boss," and had patronized me with those many little tokens of respect and esteem, such as attending to the ice water, shoes, baggage, etc., it struck me that a quarter would be more consistent with room 65 than the amount I had previously donated Sam and his confederates; so to keep up appearances and to prevent attacks on the respectability of 65, I sent Sam off grinning with a quarter. I was lost; for every half hour that morning, a different porter came into my room bringing an extra towel or something, and inquiring after my health and wants in tones of gentle but dusky sympathy; one of them insisted on brushing the wrinkles out of my clothes, and he went off grinning with a quarter.

At dinner I said to myself, "Well, this waiter don't know I'm in 65," I thought of wine and was about to write down claret when the idea of 65 taking claret prevented me, and champagne went down in its place; the waiter saw the number of the room on my card and the order for the champagne. Lost again! That waiter picked up life and energy in an alarming short space of time. He verily flew and waited on me with so much attention that I almost became an object of conspicuousness during the meal. I thought a quarter would satisfy the waiter, but when that perspiring machine had waited on me and me alone for the space of nearly an hour, had seen to my wine glass and had treated me with that distinguished air that all waiters and only waiters can assume, I thought fifty cents would be more apt to keep up the dignity of 65. He got it. Two waiters assisted in pulling my chair from the table, and, as I walked leisurely down the room I found the head waiter at the entrance with head bowed low and hand with tooth-picks extended. I took a tooth-pick and in my abstraction dropped a quarter in his hand. It was Saturday, and a busy day for the merchants in my line, so I concluded to do no business that day, and being in want of something to relieve me of ennui, I thought of a drive around the reservoir. At this moment a little bell boy came up to me breathless, with a letter saying he had been to my room with it, but that I was not in. I thought a dime would do for this. I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out some money; the smallest I had was a quarter. I couldn't disappoint the boy; he got it; room 65 necessitated it.

My thoughts went back to the drive; I was a good driver, and if 65 went driving, 65 ought to go driving in a double team; it was ordered. It cost a V. I gave the man who ordered it a quarter, two porters helped me in, while a third held the horses, a fourth the whip and the fifth one put the robe around me. I started off with five black heads bowing to the ground. In rounding the fence on the reservoir I was so unfortunate as to scrape the wheels, knock the varnish off and do some other little damage to the hub; when I arrived in town the stable keeper demanded $2.50 extra. It would never do for 65 to dispute a charge, so I paid it.

I managed somehow to escape into my room that night without paying anything else. I slept late the next morning, Sunday, and did not get up when I was called. I was aroused later by Sam saying breakfast would be over in fifteen minutes. "Should I have it sent to me?" I replied "Yes." Sam got a quarter for doing something; I forgot whether it was for anything else besides sending the waiter up. The breakfast came; I finished it; the waiter got a quarter. I was becoming almost callous as to quarters. I sat for a short while thinking, and then I pulled myself together, I packed up, had my bill sent to me which amounted to $8.75, which I paid, got out of the hotel—leaving another quarter behind me. Went to a cheaper hotel (and considered a good respectable one) and represented that I would be in town a week, and got a room on the third floor at $1.50 per day. I went into my new room and made the following calculations for one day's expenses:

HOTEL BILL.

One day at R—— Hotel	$ 5 00
Bus fare to and from hotel	1 00
Pt. Champagne	2 50
Meals to room	75
Porters, waiters, etc.	2 80
Carriage hire	1 50
Total	$13 25

I concluded that nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents per day was more than a young man whose salary was not over a thousand and whose allowance from his firm was $6.50 per day could afford. —*Cor. Peck's Sun.*

Female Railway Guards.

The Prussian State railways have for some time past employed women as guards at crossings. In order to enable the main guards to give their whole attention to the good condition of the road-bed, the service has been divided into two parts—namely: in track and crossing service. While the former is only done by men, the latter, consisting chiefly of the closing and opening of bars and the lighting and sweeping of crossings, is done by women—in most cases either the wives or widows of guards. On the passing of trains these women, having black and white sleeves round their waists and arms, and holding a flag in hand, are to stand at the crossing. Their daily wages are from 50 to 75 pfennigs (12½ to 19 cents United States currency).—*American Register.*

RICHARD III.

A Strictly Historical Biographette of the Bloody Duke of Gloucester.

I will now write a few personal recollections of Richard III. This great monarch, of whom so much has been said, pro and con, but mostly con, was born at Featheringay Castle, October 2, 1452.

Richard was the son of Richard, Duke of York, and Cecily Neville, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, his father being the legitimate heir to the throne, by descent, in the female line, so he was the head of the Yorkists in the "War of the Roses."

Richard's father, the Duke of York, while struggling one day with Henry VI., the royal jackass that flourished in 1460, prior to the conquest of the fool killer, had the misfortune while trying to wrest the throne from Henry, to get himself amputated at the second joint. He was brought home in two pieces and ceased to draw a salary as a Duke from that on. This cast a gloom over Richard, and inspired in his breast a strong desire to cut off the heads of a few casual acquaintances.

He was but eight years of age at this time, and was taken prisoner and sent to Utrecht, Holland. He was returned in good order the following year, his elder brother, Edward, having become King, under the title of Edward IV. Richard was then made Duke of Gloucester, Lord High Admiral, Knight of the Garter and Earl of the Suspender.

It was at this time that he made the celebrated *bon mot* relative to dogs as pets. Having been out the evening before, attending a water melon recital in the country, and having contributed a portion of his clothing to a barbed-wire fence, and the balance to an open-faced Waterbury bull dog, some one asked him what he thought of the dog as a pet. Richard drew himself up to his full height, and said that, as a rule, he favored the dog as a pet, but that the man who got too intimate with the common, low-browed bull dog of the fifteenth century would find that it must certainly hurt him in the end.

He resided for several years under the tutelage of the Earl of Warwick, called "the King-maker," and afterward, in 1470, fled to Flanders, remaining fled for some time. He commanded the van of the Yorkist army at the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, and Tewksbury, May 4, fighting gallantly at both places, and afterward admitting it in an article which he wrote for an English magazine.

He has been accused of having murdered Prince Albert, after the battle, and also his father, Henry VI., in the tower a few days later, but it was not known to be a fact.

Richard was attainted and outlawed by Parliament at one time, but he was careful about what he ate, and didn't get his feet wet, so, at last, having a good preamble and constitution, he pulled through.

He married his own cousin, Anne Neville, who made a first-rate Queen. She got so that it was no trouble at all for her to reign while Dick was away attending to his large slaughtering interests.

Richard at this time was made Lord High Constable and Keeper of the Pound. He was also Justiciary of North Wales, Seneschal of the Duchy of Lancaster, and chief of police on the North Side.

His brother, Clarence, was successfully executed for treason in February, 1478, and Richard, without a moment's hesitation, came to the front and inherited the estates.

Richard had a stormy time of it up to 1481, when he was made "Protector and Defender of the Realm," early in May. He then proceeded with a few neglected executions. This list was headed, or rather beheaded, by Lord Chamberlain Hastings, who tendered his resignation in a pail of saw dust soon after Richard became "Protector and Defender of the Realm." Richard laid claim to the throne in June, on the grounds of illegitimacy of his nephews, and was crowned July 6. So was his Queen. They sat on this throne for some time, and each had a scepter with which to welt their subjects over the head and keep off the flies in summer. Richard could wield a scepter longer and harder, it is said, than any other middle-weight monarch known to history. The throne used by Richard is still in existence, and has an apertnre in it containing some very old gin. The reason this gin was left, it is said, was that he was suddenly called away from the throne and never lived to get back. No monarch should ever leave his throne in too much of a hurry.

Richard made himself very unpopular, in 1485, by his forced loans, as they were called, a system of assessing a man after dark with a self-cocking writ, and what was known as the headache-stick, a small weapon which was worn up the sleeve during the day, and which was worn behind the ear by the loyal subject after nightfall. It was a common sight (so says the historian) to hear the night fall and the headache-stick fall at the same time.

The Queen died in 1485, and Richard thought some of marrying again, but it got into the newspapers, because he thought of it while a correspondent was going by, who heard it and telegraphed his paper who the lady was and all about it. This scared Richard out, and he changed his mind about marrying, concluding as a mild substitute, to go into battle at Bosworth and get killed all at once. He did so on the 22d of August, four hundred and one years ago. After his death it was found that he had rolled up his pantaloons above his knees, so that he would not get gore on them.

He was buried by the nuns of Leicester, in their chapel, Richmond, the victor, succeeding him as King. He was buried in the usual manner, and a large amount of obloquy heaped on him. This is one advantage of being great. After your grave is filled up you can have a large three-cornered chunk of obloquy put on the top of it to mark the spot.—*Bill Nye, in Cincinnati Graphic News.*

—John B. Smith, of New Britain, Conn., had more apples than he knew what to do with last fall, so he stored away four hundred barrels in a neighbor's large ice house. In the winter the house was filled with ice, all around the apples, which were solidly frozen. To Mr. Smith's great surprise the fruit, a few days ago, was found to be in perfect condition. He shipped twenty-five barrels to this city and they sold readily at three dollars a barrel. More was called for, and now the whole four hundred barrels of hard, fresh, sound Baldwins have been sold at that price. —*Hartford Courant.*

—Says the Tuttonsville (Conn.) *Express:* Our weekly editorial was written too late for this issue. Whether it will keep until next week or not we can't say, but we'll put it on ice and see.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Novelties in Favor for Dress and Decorative Purposes.

Feather fans are the most fashionable.

Hair-line stripes grow in favor.

Stripes are the prevailing fancy of the season.

Mousquetaire gloves are preferred to all others.

Cordurette is the new material for infants' cloaks.

The hair is worn *de rigueuer* on the top of the head.

Red straw hats are worn by little girls at the seaside.

Mikado handkerchiefs are novel, nobby summer fancies.

Japanese fans remain in favor for decorative purposes.

Crepe lisse goods are in favor, particularly embroidered crepes.

Infants' cloaks of lordurette are made in Mother Hubbard form.

Plaids and checks are worn, but are not near so popular as stripes.

Guimpe frocks are popular for girls over five and under twelve years of age.

Ribbed silk high-necked shirts are the best for babies' midsummer wear.

Corduretta has corduroy stripes, with zigzag lines between. As it is of cotton, it washes well.

Jackets falling open from the throat over plain, pleated or gathered waistcoats are very popular.

The latest fancy in ribbon bows is the wind-mill, with four loops sticking out at right angles, and a tight strap in the middle.

Little girls of three years or over wear pretty muslin caps elaborately tucked, and with high Normandy crowns and fluffy frills around the face.

Sets consisting of a collar, plastron, epaulets and cuffs of fine black jet beads are sold for dressy accessories of a plain waist, black velvet, silk or satin frock.

The jackets that fall open from the throat over waistcoats have several doubles or flat folds of the material at the edge, and frequently a flat fold of velvet in contrasting color placed between two of the same.

When babies' summer afghans are made of canvas or scrim and decorated with ribbon work, embroidery, feather stitching, or painted designs, it is customary to line them with pale pink, blue, mauve or white surah.

Dark blue sateen figured with small red designs, combined with plain dark blue satteen, makes a very stylish demi toilet for summer. The collar, cuffs and one fold of the cutaway jacket should be of dark red velvet or velveteen, as well as the waistcoat.

Babies' summer afghans are made of white canvas or scrim, with narrow colored ribbons or ribbosene run through the meshes in groups, while lace forms a cascade trimming between the lines and also around the afghan. —*N. Y. Sun.*

THE CITY OF ADEN.

An Ancient Town and Its Appearance Half a Mile From Shore.

At the foot of the Red Sea twelve rocks, termed the Twelve Apostles, are scattered close to the narrow straits of the "Gate of Tears," Babiemandeb, causing great anxiety to the Captain till we had cleared them and rounded into the Arabian Sea. A few hours more found us lying off Aden. Hidden behind a long bare ridge of rocks, only custom house, shipping and agents' offices, etc., appear from the sea and you see people, camels and vehicle, threading their way among the dark, bare rocks to the town behind. No sooner did we anchor about half a mile from shore than a little fleet of cockleshell canoes, each with one occupant, came dancing out over the waves and surrounded us. The owners had come to dive for buxeese, which was their trade and seemingly only means of livlihood. Any of them could easily have carried his boat under his arm and when jostled and upset it was emptied again in a trice by the owner as he floated alongside and then scrambled into it again. The passengers amused themselves by throwing small silver coin into the water and watching them dive and this sometimes they did from great heights off the rigging, reappearing after a long interval lively as ever and in possession of the coin. To save time they sometimes dived right below the steamer to reach coins that had been suddenly dropped from the other side to test their racing powers, and occasionally they would vary the monotony of sitting in their canoes by swimming behind while they pushed them on before them among the different ships lying at anchor. Nothing could be more at home in the tepid water than these uncouth, black African-Arab boys. Another group of natives now boarded us, carrying bunches of magnificent ostrich feathers for sale at most tempting prices and others brought coral jewelry, scented wood, wood ornaments, necklaces of Jerusalem camel bones, crosses of Lebanon cedars and wristlets of threaded shells, all of which were so familiar in the late forestry exhibition in Edinburgh.—*London Society.*

WALKING'S GOOD.

A Man Who Does Not Propose to be Bulldosed by a Wealthy Corporation.

"How much vhas a ticket to Lansing?" he asked at the Third street depot yesterday.

"Two forty."

"Make him two dollars."

"No, sir."

"But I like to go oudt undt see my brudder."

"The price is two forty, sir."

"How far was he?"

"Eighty-six miles."

"I gif you two dollars, und mebbe I go oudt again next fall."

"No, sir."

"You don't take him?"

"No, sir."

"My frandt, dot vhas all right. I like to see my brudder, but now I doan' go oudt."

"Can't help that."

"Mebbe you think my brudder comes in to see me und gifs you two forty. You vhas off. He vhalks eafery shtep of der vay, und you doan' get so much as one look mit his coat-tails! My frandt, good-day!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—How pleasant is the summer. You buy a real dollar Mexican hammock and hang it between the fence and clothes-line pole and swing softly back and forth listening to the yells of the boys on the back street. Then a stone hits you in the eye, the hammock falls, and you realize that you are not in the spicy West Indies and wonder where in thunder the policeman is.—*Lowell Citizen.*

TEMPERANCE.

GO ASK YOUR JUG!

"Why is my house so shabby and old,
As every crevice letting in cold,
And the kitchen-walls all covered with mold?"
If you'll allow me to be so bold—
Go ask your jug!

"Why are my eyes so swollen and red?
Whence this dreadful pain in my head?
Where in the world is our nice feather-bed,
And the wood that was piled up in the shed?"
Go ask your jug!

"Why is my wife broken-hearted and sad?
Why are my children never now glad?
Why did my business run down so bad?
Why at my thoughts am I well-nigh mad?"
Go ask your jug!

"Oh, why do I pass the old church-door
Weary of heart and sadly foot-sore,
Every moment sinking down lower,
A pitiable outcast evermore?"
Go ask your jug!
—*N. Y. Witness.*

DRAMS FOR BETTY.

How Tom Dillon Turned His Daily Drinks to Good Account.

"Remnants, three cents per yard! Whoop! Cheap enough! Goods is going down; hope wages won't go after them," Tom Dillon went on, hands in his pockets. What connected in his mind the brown calico gown with blue and yellow roses with the thin, wee, fretful face of his Betty? Betty was ailing that day, her mother said, and she had thought fit to whine and hold out wistfully her little hand when her father went off to work. The fingers in Tom's pockets held ten cents, the price of his regular morning drink. By some mental process it occurred to him that ten cents would buy three yards of the calico, and that would make Betty a gown; and when she sat on his knee unfolding it at night, the cross, sickly face would grow childlike and gay. "She'll be more glad of the frock than I will of my dram," said Tom; and he turned back and asked for three yards of the calico. On the counter a basket held a narrow white trimming marked "1 ct." "Does that mean a cent a yard?" asked Tom. "Chip in a yard and bring the dime even."

"It will make a very neat little dress, and the edge will trim the neck and sleeves," said the shop-girl, pleasantly.

"Just the price of a drink," said Tom, uneasily.

"If all men would use their drink-money so there would be less ragged children and discouraged mothers."

Well, Betty was not ragged, but she was shabby, and Nora, his wife, was getting to look listless and hopeless. Was it his fault? He never was drunk, never was drunk-cross. Ten cents in the morning, the same at night, now and then a Sunday afternoon tipple, and a Monday off when he felt dull and cross—not much over two dollars a week, on the whole, year in and year out; that was all. It was an "all" that made the difference between comfort and safety, and narrowness and anxiety at home. Tom did not realize it. He picked up his parcel.

"Suppose you buy the little girl a doll; these are only five cents," said the shop-woman, persuasively, holding up a doll. It was ten inches long, had staring black eyes, a tuft of tow with a gilt band atop for hair, short arms, straight, wooden legs, but it had features and a crimson complexion. Tom was not wise in dolls, and this looked fine to him; it would to Betty, who had no doll. He paid the nickel. "Half of to-night's drink gone," he chuckled, and off he went to his work.

The master was going about the shop that morning. He finally called out clearly:

"See here, my lads, I don't want to interfere with your private lives, but you are spending too much on drinks. Now, who has not had a dram this morning? Speak up."

"I never touches it," said an old fellow.

"I haven't had one," said Tom Dillon.

"And what have you in the bank, Abram?" asked the master.

"Six hundred dollars," quoth Abram, feeling rich.

"Well, I had no dram, because I spent the dime on a gown, for Betty," said Tom. "I usually has a dram."

"It would be well if Betty stood always in the way of the dram; then each little Betty would have clothes and schooling, and books, and a good trade or dowry. Say you spend two dollars a week on drams; if you put it instead in a box for Betty, and drew out what she needed each year until she was ten, she would have a balance of one hundred and four dollars. Twenty-five dollars a year would clothe her when little, and seventy-five would be laid up. Betty would be an heiress."

As Tom went home that night he met a shabby old man selling oranges. "Halloo!" said Tom. "I've a nickel due to Betty in my pocket."

"Two for five cents," said old Tim.

When Tom went home he bestowed one orange on Betty and one on Nora. He felt as if he should excuse such generosity and delicate attention to his wife and child. "You see old Tim worked in our shop once. But he got paralysis, and so he's took to selling oranges to keep out of the poor-house."

"What did he earn in the shop?" asked Nora.

"Say nine dollars a week, year in and out."

"How many years did he work there."

"Thirty, I've heard say," replied Tom, innocently.

"And what did he spend on drams?"

"Well, he took a little more than I do; but he was not a drunkard, after all. Let's say about three dollars a week."

"Do you know what he'd have had if he had laid up that every week?" asked Nora.

"No; I'm not so good at schoolin' as you, my lass."

"Nigh $5,000, without a mite of interest; but with interest he'd have gone away to sixteen thousand or more. He'd have been a rich man now, not an orange-peddler. A snug little house, a servant, good furniture, a warm hearth, a tidy table. Now, what good do his drams do him, and he round in the cold and mud hobbling about selling oranges?"

Betty in a beatific state, the flavor of the orange in her mouth, her doll hugged in her arms; Nora looking cheery, diligently cutting and sewing the little gown—these represented to Tom Dillon the price of two drinks?

"What are you about, Tom?" some one asked at "nooning" next day.

"I'm making a box to hold my drams for Betty."

"Why, man, that child can't use drams."

"She'll thrive on 'em surprisin'," responded Tom Dillon.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

An Ohio merchant says he can trace every bad account on his books "directly to beer."

ALCOHOL AND DISEASE.

Positive Statements by Experienced Authorities Worthy of Credence.

I consider I shall do more in curing disease and preventing disease in one year by prescribing total abstinence than I could do in the ordinary course of an extensive practice of one hundred years.—*Dr. Higginbottom, an Eminent Surgeon of Nottingham.*

It is no figure of speech, but the literal truth, that hundreds of neuralgic, hysteric and epileptic patients have been driven into drunkenness or lunacy, or both, by the endless folly of advisers, who had no better reason for the prescription of large doses of alcohol than the fact that these diseases are attended with nervous weakness. * * * It is a grave scandal and mischief that medical men should endanger in this serious way the power of moral resistance of women and other weak persons.—*Dr. James G. Wakley, in the London Lancet.*

All kinds of ardent spirits and other strong stimulants are not only not useful in preventing cholera, but dispose to its attack.—*Boston Board of Health, 1832.*

Resolved, That the vending of ardent spirits, in whatever quantity, be considered a nuisance—and as such is hereby directed to be discontinued for the space of ninety days from this date. —*By order of the Board of Health, James Larned, Sec., Passed in Washington, D. C., 1832, on account of the prevalence of the cholera.*

All spirit-drinkers will be the first victims of the cholera.—*Notice displayed by the authorities of London in 1832.*

Cholera has stood up here (Montreal), as it has everywhere, the advocate of temperance. It has pleaded most eloquently and with tremendous effect. The disease has searched the haunts of the drunkard and has seldom left them without bearing away its victims. Even moderate drinkers have been but a little better off. Ardent spirits in any shape and in any quantity have been highly detrimental. There seems to be a natural affinity between the cholera and ardent spirits.—*Dr. Bronson, writing from Montreal, 1832.*

We have a great horror of arsenic and fifty other things; the fact is, all these things are a mere bagatelle in relation to the most direct, absolute, immediate and certain poisonings which are caused by alcohol. There are more men killed, so far as I know English statistics—more men poisoned by alcohol—than are poisoned by all other poisons put together.—*Jas. Edmunds, M. D., London, Eng.*

The *Volksfreund* for August, 1854, states that out of nine hundred persons who died in Rotterdam the preceding year from cholera only three were abstainers.—*Judge Pitman.*

I have found the use of alcoholic drinks to be the most powerful predisposing cause of malignant cholera with which I am acquainted. Were I one of the authorities, I would placard every spirit shop in town with large bills containing the words: "Cholera sold here."—*Dr. A. M. Adams, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Andersonian University of Glasgow.*

Alcoholism is widely prevalent, but it is not popular to die a drunkard. Its victims are hardly ever credited to it unless they are poor and friendless.—*Eighth Annual Report of Massachusetts Board of Health.*

I suppose that next to pulmonary diseases, more persons come to their death, either directly or indirectly, by alcoholism, than from any other cause. Hundreds of men who die from liver complaint and kidney troubles might have been healthy men to-day if they had not poisoned their systems with alcohol.—*James W. Alexander, vice-president of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, New York.*

In hospitals where the largest amount of alcohol is used, there is the greatest percentage of deaths.—*Dr. King, of the Philosophical Society of Hull, Eng.*

I have amply tried both ways. I gave alcohol in my practice for twenty years, and have now practiced without it this last thirty years or more. My experience is that acute disease is more readily cured without it, and chronic disease much more manageable.—*John Higginbottom, F. R. S.*

As to the general use of alcohol in disease, every form of disease would be better treated without alcohol than with it.—*Dr. Benj. W. Richardson, F. R. S.*

Alcohol may be wholly dispensed with without injury to the sick, every intelligent physician being able to supply its place with other remedies of equal, if not of greater, value.—*Dr. N. S. Davis, Chicago; Dr. Stephen Smith, New York; Dr. James Edmunds, London, and many other eminent men in the profession.*

A Hindrance to Digestion.

Some people drink alcohol to assist them in the digestion of their food. But what is there in alcohol that can render food more digestible? Food pickled in alcohol will remain unaltered for years, just as food when pickled in brine remains unaltered; hence alcohol, like salt, naturally tends to *render food indigestible.* Dr. Norman Kerr, speaking of this subject, writes:

"So far from aiding in digestion, intoxicating liquors actually hinder this vital process. Again and again, on examining after death the bodies of persons who have died suddenly, I have found large quantities of food which had been hindered from being digested by strong drink taken a few hours before. The presence of an intoxicant in the stomach markedly interferes with the digestive act.

"True, if you take half a glass of brandy after eating too hearty a meal, you may feel temporary relief, but you have not digested your food. You have only made the nerves of sensation—God's messengers in the living body—drunk, so that they can not do their duty; they can not deliver their message to the brain that the stomach has been oppressed by excess in eating." —*National W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

Mr. Powderly's advice to the working-men. "Boycott the dram-shop," was the best of all his utterances. It is advice, too, that is good for many other people besides those known as wage-workers, for men of all occupations are patrons of the saloonists and their traffic. It is by moral influence also that the best work is to be done in the cause of Temperance, for even the prohibition of law is only possible when it is successfully exerted. —*United Presbyterian.*

A petition signed by many thousands of persons will be presented to the Oregon Legislature next winter asking the enactment of a law to prohibit liquor-sellers from placing screens before their doors, or frosting or shading their windows so as to protect the "business" from the public view.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

OUR HERITAGE.

O God, our help and hope art Thou!
And to Thy name we gladly raise,
As round Thy throne we gather now,
A concert of adoring praise!

'Mid blessings manifold we dwell,
Which prove how good and great Thou art.
No nation has such cause to tell
How love Divine can thrill the heart!

Ours is the land the Pilgrims trod,
And set apart in prayer to Thee,
That Thou might'st be their children's God,
And theirs the home of liberty.

Ours is the soil with blood and tears
Baptized by those who dared to die
That here might be, through all the years,
The freest land beneath the sky!

We think of them with hearts aglow,
Who by Thy strength such triumphs won;
But thanks like living fountains flow
In song to Thee, our shield and sun.

Here ever shine, O God of grace,
And, till the course of Time expires,
Train for Thyself a Christian race
Of men still nobler than their sires!

Oh, may we prize the heritage
Our honored dead so dearly bought;
And hand it down from age to age,
With fruits of increase as we ought.

Great Father, be a wall of flame
Around our Nation evermore;
And help her spread abroad Thy fame
Till God in Christ all lands adore.
—*Rev. Robert Kerr, in N. Y. Observer.*

Sunday-School Lessons.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 25—The Resurrection of Lazarus	John	11:17-44
Aug. 1—Jesus Honored	John	12:1-16
Aug. 8—Gentiles Seeking Jesus	John	12:20-36
Aug. 15—Jesus Teaching Humility	John	13:1-17
Aug. 22—Warning to Judas and Peter	John	13:21-38
Aug. 29—Jesus Comforting His Disciples	John	14:1-14
Sept. 5—Jesus the True Vine	John	15:1-16
Sept. 12—The Mission of the Spirit	John	16:5-20
Sept. 19—Jesus Interceding	John	17:1-26
Sept. 26—Review. Service of Song: Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected by the school.		

DARKENED WAYS.

Earthly Losses and Afflictions—"Out of Shadow into Sunlight."

Many of God's "dear children" have occasion to exclaim with Job: "He hath set darkness in my paths." Various trials of life are as darkness. Such are privations and losses, in not a few instances. Thereby many an earthly way is made exceedingly dark. The abodes of poverty are often far from being sunny, even though religion may have a place there. Those who are not permitted to enjoy worldly prosperity know full well what it is to walk in more or less of darkness. And it is all the more dark to be reduced to a needy condition after having seen better days. The trial of being no longer in circumstances of pecuniary independence, after years of that enjoyment, rightly claims much sympathy. In the transition from opulence or competence to indigence is found one of the dark passages of life. Job, in being stripped of all his secular abundance, was so bewildered in the darkness of his adversity that he was but barely kept from reproaching God. And to multitudes since the days of Job the world has been made dreary and gloomy by the losses of property they have sustained. Those who have had no such adverse experience can hardly realize how dismal their way in life would seem if they were deprived of all their temporal possessions as sources of enjoyment and usefulness. They can not imagine how dark it would seem to be reduced from having enough to having nothing. Then they might know, as they can not now, that the "destruction of the poor is their poverty."

Life is full of changes that greatly affect the enjoyments of the living, and turn their day into night. The loss of property is not the only earthly loss experienced in connection with these changes. In the loss of friends more may be lost than in any thing else that can be taken away. The light of many a home is put out, and all is shrouded in darkness there when some loved one is borne away to the grave. Often the hand that sunders the heart-ties of life, and separates for all time loving and lovable ones, as it were, shuts up the windows of the soul so that no sunlight can, for a season, find its way into the darkened recesses of the sorrowing heart. Who has not again and again witnessed scenes of deeply afflictive bereavement which have changed mid-day into midnight in some circle of friends, and caused such darkness as years will not wholly, if considerably, remove? Many never entirely recover from the heart-heaviness caused by their bereavements, the shadows of which rest permanently upon their hearts. To them the sun never shines so brightly again. Many a heart and many a home are never light again after the going down of the sun of joy and hope into the darkness of the grave that received some near and dear one. The bereaved mourner can only say: "Himself hath done it; I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul." In the removal of a parent or a child, a husband or a wife, a brother or a sister, by death, there has often been a cloud of grief covering the scene of bereavement which might well be described by that Egyptian calamity when "there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days."

Public calamity surrounds a people with darkness when war and famine and pestilence spread devastation and consternation over a country or a community; and when catastrophes are multiplied on land and sea, or railways and rivers, in towns and cities, with appalling loss of life and stupendous destruction of property, as in frequent disasters to steamships and sailing vessels, and in numerous railroad accidents, as well as in terrible conflagrations and inundations desolating populous sections of country. Such destructive visitations as are painfully familiar to our minds are as darkness almost without light, reminding us of what was said concerning the threatened invasion of Judah by the Assyrian armies: "They shall look unto the earth, and behold trouble and darkness, dimness and anguish; and they shall be driven to darkness." There have, again and again, been sorrowful times, locally or generally, if not universally, when it has almost seemed as though the threatened doom of Egypt could be appropriated, in which it was said: "All the bright lights of Heaven will I make dark over thee, and set darkness upon thy land, saith the Lord God." As calamities spread around, those upon whom they fall may be numbered with the troubled and distressed who walk in darkness, and to whom, apparently, there may soon be "no light." To many such, however, it has been as light in darkness to hear a voice from Heaven, saying: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Walking by faith and not by sight, they cease to walk in darkness, and their happy experience coincides with the utterance of one who has said:

"Out of shadow into sunlight,
Out of darkness into day;
So, oft, we tread, unheeding,
Our well-appointed way.
Nor dream that after sorrow
May dawn a glad to-morrow."
—*Watchman.*

THE HOLY LIFE.

It Is Not Incompatible With Active, Energetic and Every-Day Legitimate Work and Pleasure.

It was an old belief that if men wished to be holy that they should shut themselves away from society and cultivate their graces in obscurity. The pictures we have of monks, anchorets, and ascetics, present this idea in many striking examples. Though that has largely passed away, there is still an unconscious feeling that holiness is incompatible with the most robust external living. Men may be religious and good, useful and going Heavenward, while engaged in current business; but holy—if they be that, they must be situated differently. The holy man, therefore, is often one who laughs little, weeps easily, secludes himself from society, and lives against rather than in sympathy with what are the most healthful influences of his day. He is sad, non-resistant, full of foreboding, shrinking from contact with his fellowmen, and seeking to keep himself from being worldly by keeping himself out of the world. People look for the holy ones among this class, not because their judgment tells them to do so, but because the habits of the long past are so strong on them that they can not do otherwise.

Now, these may be holy people, but not more truly than many others who are very different from them in religious appearance and habit. It is right that they shall be told this, but especially proper that all others shall be told it. Such a model is not a good one to be followed by those who are seeking to cultivate a religious character. It lacks naturalness, energy and vigor to resist assault and make progress. The Apostle Paul was a holy man—few persons have lived nearer God than he—but he was of remarkable practical force, and used all his traits in doing his work. He did not seek to bury any of his talents under a bushel. If we are looking for men just like him we will be seeking good ones. We shall find them in stores and shops, on the streets, in counting-rooms, on farms, and at trading stations, taking part in all kinds of legitimate and honorable work. Their holiness will not fail to show itself, but it will not be in traits and habits that are unmanly.—*United Presbyterian.*

THE BRITTLE CHRISTIAN.

Of But Little Value and a Great Trial to the Church.

Yes, I suppose such men and women may be Christians, but very brittle ones; that is, they break easy. They are like packages of glass or explosives, and should be labeled: "Handle with care." Such Christians (if we can, by a great stretch of charity, call them such) are a constant trial to the pastor and church, for they feel a dread when obliged to say any thing to them, or to do any thing with them, akin to that experienced by one feeling his way in a very dangerous place in the dark. If by any means the Sunday-school should vote for one of these brittle brethren for superintendent, they almost hold their breath when the vote is declared for fear that it will not be unanimous; for if it should not be, the cross-grained timber would begin to break and the pieces fly in expressions like the following: "I positively refuse to serve and I will have nothing to do with the Sunday-school whatever," and the poor fellow is entirely useless for one year at least.

If, in preaching, the minister touches quite severely upon habits indulged in by some of these fractious people, all the church anxiously watch their faces, and with sadness expect their seats to be vacant, and their contributions to cease, until they get a new minister; or if, when any question is before the church, a decision is rendered contrary to the wishes of one of these pieces of poor timber, he is broken and useless, and the good people are grieved. Now these brittle people are of but little value, and a great trial to the church. Let us plead with you all, my dear brethren, not to become one of them; but if you are troubled with any of the symptoms of this terrible disease of brittleness go, I beseech you, immediately to the Great Physician, and be healed; take large doses of humility, Christian forbearance and love, and you will soon become much more useful and certainly more comfortable to work with.—*Morning Star.*

WISE SAYINGS.

—A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Swift.*

—All who joy would win must share it. Happiness was born a twin.—*Byron.*

—The beggar is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearance.—*Lamb.*

—Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.—*Fenelon.*

—The tiniest bits of opinion sown in the minds of children in private life afterward issue forth to the world and become its opinion; for nations are gathered out of nurseries, and those who hold the leading strings of children may even exercise a greater power than those who wield the reins of government.—*Baptist Weekly.*

—Never be discouraged because good things go on slowly here; and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime view of it. God can afford to wait; why can not we, since we have Him to fall back upon. Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits.—*G. MacDonald.*

—Mr. Talmage says: "Thank God every day if you have plenty to do. It is the mightiest preventive against evil. Sin, the old pirate, bears down on those vessels that have sails flapping idly in the wind. The arrow of sin has tough work getting through the leather of a working apron. Make the anvil—make the rising wall the fortress in which you can hide, and from which you can live down the temptations of this life."

—Mere reading of the Bible does to fix it sufficiently on the memory not enable one to meditate fully upon it. Those people of whom one reads in the New Testament who were in the habit of quoting Scripture did so from what they knew by heart. The Scriptures "were written for our learning." "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.—*Standard.*